

**WARREN
MAGAZINE**



**FAMOUS
MONSTERS
#121**

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

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DEC. 1975



**THOSE WEIRD MONSTERS FROM MEXICO
CHER IS FRANKENSTEIN'S NEW BRIDE (SEE PAGE 16)
MONSTERCON MAKE-UP MONSTROSITY
NEW LUGOSI DISCOVERY!**

PUBLIC #1 & 1½ ENEMIES



WANTED! BY THE FBI! (Fiends Bureau of Investigation) Warren & Ackerman. These two notorious characters' last seen at last year's **FAMOUS MONSTERS FILMCON**. Catch their act at this year's monstercon — you'll never be the same!

SPEAKING OF
MONSTERS

MOBY SHARK



BITES AGAIN

THE SEA BEAST...THE SEA BAT (Boris Karloff was in that)...THE SEA WOLF...MOBY DICK...great oceanic monster adventures in their day but they didn't hold a stick to...J A W S! The sea monsters in the earlier movies only bit off legs, at their baddest—JAWS chewed up a whole human being.

Made mincemeat out of the records for everything from KING KONG to THE EXORCIST.

We feel this issue may just break a few records itself, with four star creatures & all scar features. Our major regret: the loss of Rod Serling. But we try to help you forget with an unusual array of great articles & pix.

FORREST
ACKERMAN



FANG MAIL

THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO



ROD SERLING

No other Dedication conceivable. In sorrowing memory of He Who Brought Us the Inconceivable on television; then—too soon—had to take his visions with him to the Twilight Zone. With respect & condolences to his widow & daughters.

—The editor & publisher

A FIEND OF THE FAMILY

I would like to introduce you to a friend of mine, Meet Bruce. Description: 24 ft. long, about 10 ft. wide (give or take a foot), with a mouth as wide as your average doorway and lovely white, sharp teeth a couple of feet long. His skin is a lovely shade of white. Most people, however, do not take time to admire this lovely specimen. They are too busy trying to get away from him. Those who stick around—well, they have been known to disappear in a manner which I will not describe.

As you have probably guessed, Bruce is a monster. What sets him apart from other monsters you glorify is that while they are creatures of fantasy, Bruce is real—very real. Bruce has 2 favorite

pastimes that I know of. One of them is swimming, swimming, swimming. The other is eating. Men who have studied his kind would call Bruce a scavenger. He eats anything from razor blades to watches to the kitchen sink. Bruce has also been known to munch on a rare tidbit known as "homo sapiens."

Lately Bruce has been doing a lot of traveling and has been seen off the shores of Long Island. He's been getting a lot of publicity lately. Why, overnight he's become a sensation! But people still avoid him. Why, Bruce loves people...for breakfast...for lunch...for dinner. Why, Bruce has even broken into the movies!



COLLEEN HAYDEN
New York, NY

Colleen, you are making our JAWS hang open with suspense! Whatever monster are you talking about? Sounds like it might be that shark-shooter that's been breaking all box-office records, as of July 23d having grossed nearly \$60 million in 31 days in the theaters of Canada & the USA. Absolutely sharking! Incidentally, in a word, your editor thought the film FABULOUS.

WANTED! More Readers Like



JIM SCHAFER

CUSHING CLUB

I am honored that you would like to publicize the club in FM. Members receive 4 Journals yearly; personally autographed photo from Peter; film credits list & Bio; membership card & all club privileges. \$3.50 yearly 3d class; \$5.50 yrly 1st class USA & seasmal overseas; Canada; \$6.25 yrly airmail all countries.

Peter's next picture will be for Tyburn Films, THE SATANIST. He recently completed 2 TV pilots called Haunted, a documentary on haunted houses in England, narrated by him; and The Amazing World of Cinema, in which he narrates a segment called "The Mad Scientists," dealing with the silent era from 1900 thru 1920.

Ms. Debbie Bennett, Pres.
AMERICAN PETER CUSHING CLUB

153 Plymouth Blvd.
Smithtown, NY 11787

WANTED! More Readers Like



SP/4 JOSEPH HAMMELL

WANTED! More Readers Like



NINA HOLLE of MEXICO

SHORT & SWEET

FM is the greatest thing that happened to horror films since Lon Chaney!

ROBERT MARTINEZ JR.

Albuquerque, NM

SATISFIED CUSTOMER

I really enjoyed the 1st Annual FM Convention and it was really great being the 3d place winner of the Quiz. I liked your article about it, "The Great Brain Strain," in which you mentioned me & my friend Carl Morano, who battled it out with me up on front on the floor of the West Wing of the Hotel Commodore (the hotel where I stayed and had one of the best times of my life). One mistake in the article was the spelling of my name. It's Kirkan, not Kirman. But that's all right, I'm just glad to be in the magazine I have for so many years admired & loved.

DAVID KIRKMAN
McLean, Va.

PEN PAL SECTION!

JIMMY MAZZONE would like a pen pal. Write him! JIMMY MAZZONE, 360 Palisade Avenue, Cliffside, New Jersey 07010

I would like to have a Wolfman for a pen pal. CRAIG HEBBIE, 306 North 5th, Garden City, Kansas 68846

Wanted: Pen pals 14 and up. Must love Lugosi, Karloff, Price, or Ape! DANA HOLLAND, Rt. 1 Box 146, Frost, Texas 76641

I enjoy Planet of the Apes and Japanese monster films! WILLIAM R. TARKY JR., 1221 Connecticut, Lawrence, Kansas 66044

I am interested in Star Trek, Doc Savage and comics. MICHAEL BASS, 1703 Beverly Drive, Corsicana, Texas 75110

I am interested in Ray Harryhausen, Jim Danforth and George Pal movies. Also Planet of the Apes and sequels. RANDY SCHUSTER, 9985 Lynn Drive, North Royalton, Ohio 44133

I want to be in the Monster Club because I want to learn about monsters. TROY MANSEN, 46 Wyonet, Selden, New York 11784

I am 18 and am a fan of all horror and science fiction movies, TV shows, books and magazines! JOHN V. GRIFFIN, 145-25-230th Place, Springfield Gardens, Queens, New York 11413



FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

Incorporating MONSTER WORLD

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ISSUE NO. 121
DECEMBER 1975

OUR COVER
DEAD 3700 years and buried in a pyramid
beneath the shifting sands of ancient
Egypt, IMHOTEP lives again in the un-
natural interpretation of BORIS KARLOFF
as captured by the pen & brush of
artist KEN KELLY.

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That's one stake that won't wake the dead. In **REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE WOMEN**, featuring Santa.

MONSTERS FROM MEXICO

terror from below the border

by walt lee (part 1)

the maximum mexican
monster coverage

GODZILLA & Co. You entreated us to show you all the Terrors from Tokyo, the Nightmares from Nagasaki, the Horrors from Hiroshima... and we did. In issue #114.

We covered Mad Labs for you at your request, at your behest have done our best on Lugosi, Lon Sr. & Jr., Lee, Cushing. We've gone to bat on vampires and our metal has been tested on our coverage of robots.

Now, in a 2—or possibly even 3-part—feature that will be referred to for years to come as the Definitive Mexican Monster Movie Guide, we bring you the results of 20 years of research by the celebrated creator of the legendary REFERENCE GUIDE TO FANTASTIC FILMS.

Walt Lee himself.

"prehistoric" mexi-monsters

Prior to the mid-50s, very few Mexi-creatures had reared their ugly heads. **THE PHANTOM OF THE CONVENT**, made way back in 1934, was one of the few earlier

known horror films from our neighboring country.

Then, in 1952, starting with **THE RESURRECTED MONSTER** and really getting underway in 1956 with **BODY SNATCHERS** and **THE VAMPIRE** series with German (pronounced Hair Man) Robles as the count who never drank... **VINO**... the Mexican screen began to be filled with a lumbering, slinking, shuffling horror horde.

With invaluable information collected over a period of 2 decades, and a wealth of exciting stills to match, Walt Lee now takes us on a spree South of the Border to view a Mexican monster movie marathon.

the body snatcher
(1956)

mysterious mad killer

A well-known athlete is found dead, under unusual circumstances, with a terrible wound in his head. The Mexican Police Dept. invites the Police of other countries to assist them in the solution of the case, which appears to be the work of a mad killer who has been operating thruout the Continent and who has as his trademark the terrible head wound found on his victims.



This guy is being bugged by the title: MUERTOS DE ... RISA (LAUGH: I THOUGHT I'D DIE!)



An escapee from an old Monsters & Maidens feature we ran for a couple of years. From THE INCREDIBLE PROFESSOR ZOVEK.

Comandante Robles is put in charge of the case and he decides to put a watch on all the sports arenas in the city, as most of the victims are outstanding athletes. But, in spite of the efforts of the police, Carlos Riquelme, a foreign scientist disguised as a lottery salesman, is able to kill an athlete of unusual strength.

The killer tries to prolong human life by exchanging the brain of the dead person with that of an animal. Without knowing what to do, the police accept a plan suggested by Guillermo (William) Santa, a well-known wrestler (played by Wolf Ruvinskis) and Comandante Robles, who also disguises himself as a wrestler using the name of "El Vampiro" so as to attract the killer's attention.

Guillermo, who is in love with Lucia, secretary to the owner of the arena where they will wrestle, tells her that he is going to make a tour of the provinces. When Robles is on the point of resigning because he has not been able to solve the case, the mysterious killer appears, kills Guillermo and takes his body to his laboratory for experimental purposes.

manape the mighty

The brain of a gorilla is transplanted into Guillermo and he becomes stronger as each day passes. The scientist presents Guillermo in the sports arena as a wrestler, wearing a human mask, but in a moment of fury Guillermo removes his mask and frightens the audience, for he has become in truth a perfect monster with a hideously ugly face & the strength of a brute.

The scientist is unable to control Guillermo and is overpowered & killed by the monster he has created. Guillermo, after killing the scientist, runs away over the rooftops of the various apartment houses until he reaches the house of Lucia, whom he kidnaps.

The chase ensues but the police are unable to capture Guillermo. Finally, leaving Lucia to one side, the monster tries to attack Robles but loses his foothold, topples from the rooftop into space and falls, fatally injured, to the ground.

The night of horror has ended.

nostradamus

The *Nostradamus* series was made in 1959 as a 10 part serial and released later in the United States as 4 features with German Robles in the title role.

The *CURSE OF NOSTRADAMUS* was made up of 3 episodes: "The Finger of Destiny," "The Book of the Centuries" & "Night Victims."

The *MONSTER DEMOLISHER* was made up of 2 episodes: "The Student and the Gallows" & "The Empty Coffin."

THE GENII OF DARKNESS was made up of 2 episodes: "Beyond Life" & "Son of Night."

BLOOD OF NOSTRADAMUS was made up of 3 episodes: "The Apparition in the Convent," "The Black Bird" & "The Last Victim."



Why is ADVENTURE AT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH like a spoiled apple? It's rotten to the core!

the curse of nostradamus

buried alive

One dark moonless night a strange man accompanied by Leo, a badly deformed hunchback, steals a body. He invokes the spirit of Nostradamus. The spirit orders the man who is his son (also named Nostradamus) to revive his memory.

Nostradamus goes to Duran, President of the Supernatural Investigation Committee, and asks him to carry out the spirit's orders. Professor Duran and Antonio (the fiancé of Duran's daughter) treat it as a joke. Nostradamus becomes angry and to prove his powers to them, he gives them a list of his intended victims, the last name of the list being Duran himself. The next day the first man of the list dies. Professor Duran has him exhumed and they find that he's been buried alive.

power of the bat

Nostradamus insists again that Duran recognize his powers. Duran is immobilized with ter-

ror as Nostradamus changes to a repugnant vampire bat before his eyes and flies out the window.

Nostradamus's second victim is Senor Landeros. Duran is too late to save him. Leo's spirit takes over the man's personality and causes him to kill a rich client & his assistant. Upon seeing his horrible crime, Landeros throws himself out the window.

Nostradamus as a vampire kills the third victim by sucking his blood seconds before Antonio arrives. Equipped with silver bullets, Antonio fires at Nostradamus but a landslide separates him from the Vampire. Antonio escapes unharmed but Nostradamus seems to be trapped in the rubble.

monster demolisher

the vampire escapes

Prof. Duran & his assistant Antonio have come upon a frightening story in one of the newspapers: a child has been attacked by a type of phantom in the ruins of what had been the lair of



Something fishy about this still from **THE BAT WOMAN**. Seem to be more gillmen than wing-girls in this flick!



Heedless of the consequences, this pontom has lost his head in **TWO GHOSTS & A GIRL**.

Nostradamus. The deadly marks of the vampire have been found on the child's throat. The scientists waste no time in confirming this, disheartened to learn their old enemy is still alive, returned to continue his campaign against the professor because he won't create a cult in memory of his father, the original Nostradamus.

Knowing who the next victim on the Nostradamus death list is, they take the boy to the professor's house and watch him vigilantly. They win the first battle against Nostradamus, though the vampire escapes.

Guided by the list of victims who are to be attacked by the vampire, Duran & his aide hunt for the criminal named Pepe "The Blond." But they are unable to save him. Duran & Antonio accept this but they do not count on Pepe being revived from the dead by Nostradamus as a vampire to spread new terror & death.

The police are unable to find their answer to the crime and are doubtful when Duran hints to them that they try to find the hiding place of Nostradamus & his new companion. They think he's crazy.

enter: igor

Then, an unexpected ally appears and contacts Duran; he is Igor de Kradek, descendant of a family dedicated to destroying vampires. Igor's vast knowledge enables Duran to find the new vampire's hiding place. They wait for darkness and



John Carradine demonstrates the old Squeeze Play to the hapless heroine in **THE DEVIL'S PACT**.



Santo gets his claws on one of the blond & beautiful Undead in **REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE WOMEN**.

Nostradamus' summons. The coffin opens and Igor drives the destroying stake into the monster's body. The vampire gives a scream of agony. At this moment, Nostradamus, who is descending the stairs into the crypt, hears Pepe's screams. In the confrontation between vampire & vampire destroyers, a fire is started when a candelabra is knocked over. Nostradamus is apparently trapped in the blaze and destroyed.

the genii of darkness

igor must die

Duran, Antonio & Igor de Kradek all miraculously save themselves from the fire in the crypt but Nostradamus escapes too.

Understanding Igor's power, Nostradamus plans to destroy him. He hypnotizes Antonio and obtains the information that Igor is trying to find, a mystic scroll that can restore life. Nostradamus retrieves the scroll from the house of an old lady—Rebecca, Leo's mother. Nostradamus then sets fire to the house with Rebecca in it. Nostradamus orders the hypnotized Antonio to kill Igor but Igor successfully de-hypnotizes him; nevertheless, Igor the vampire destroyer is killed by Leo.

Antonio & Duran are alone now against Nostradamus. Following the list of future victims of Nostradamus, they try to locate Nora Ner-



The glowing inferno of a mad lab reveals **THE MARK OF DEATH**.



"The blood is the life — and I want more!" says this vamp in **CAPULINA VS. THE VAMPIRES**.

rera but find she's disappeared. Her parents tell them she died several days earlier. Nostradamus returns Nora to life as a vampire with instructions to kill Antonio. Nostradamus then kills Claudio, who was Nora's fiance.

Even as a vampire, Nora still loved Claudio, and when Nostradamus kills him, she turns against Nostradamus and tells Antonio where his lair is. Duran & Antonio with a group of police raid the place. Antonio knocks Nostradamus down and stabs him with a stake.

blood of nostradamus

infernal struggle

As is often the case with serials, the ending was not quite like it seemed.

It was Nora, the vampire lady who had been destroyed, not Nostradamus. At this point, the Supernatural Investigation Committee helps Prof. Duran find and destroy the coffin where-in Nostradamus sleeps by day. However, with the aid of his faithful hunchback Leo, Nostradamus however, obtains a new coffin and recovers the dirt from his grave that Duran has sent to lab for analysis, that soil, of course, being indispensable for the survival of Nostradamus.

In his infernal struggle against science & the forces of good, Nostradamus claims another victim but the faithful Leo also dies.

Duran & Antonio interview Olga Maria, a pretty singer, whom the vampire covers for some evil reason. She makes fun of their concern for her.

Nostradamus has changed himself into a dashing gentleman and made friends with her. When she begins to realize her danger, it's too late and Nostradamus grabs her by the neck.

the final victim

The last name on the Nostradamus list is Professor Duran. Nostradamus tries but fails to kill him. Finally, Nostradamus resorts to hiring some bandits and they capture Duran for him. Two of the bandits are killed by the vampire. Duran feigns submission to the will of Nostradamus, who makes him sign a document to the effect that he will honor the memory of Nostradamus, and Nostradamus takes it to a newspaper. Duran has secretly slipped in a clue to where he's being held.

Antonio & Anita (Duran's daughter) go to the castle and, armed with a crucifix, they confront Nostradamus, who conveniently disintegrates.

the end of nostradamus

Many of the monsters in Mexican horror films of the last dozen years or so have been patterned after characters in the Universal films. In many cases the masks made by Don Post based on Universal's monsters have been used with various additions to complete the costume. Sometimes the names of the characters have been slightly altered. For example, the Frankenstein monster has been called "Frentestein," "Frankenstein," "Frankestain," "Franquestain" & "Franquestein."

comedy of terrors

This film is a horror comedy with a plot that many will recognize (an uncredited remake of ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN):

Mr. Lavalie, who collects wax figures, sends his secretary Socarro to an express agency to pick up two new figures, Frankenstein's monster & a vampire. He does not know it but the two figures are not wax, they are the actual monsters!

Paco & Agapito work at the express agency.

A lady doctor, Sofia, with the help of the Wolf Man, has discovered the truth about the two figures. They plan to destroy the monsters.

Sofia happens to meet Lavalie's secretary at the agency. Paco & Agapito promise to deliver the heavy boxes containing the wax figures to Lavalie's house.

When they arrive at the dark & gloomy Lavalie mansion, Sofia with the help of a few men steals the figures.

The vampire is weak but with hypnosis he puts the lady doctor under his spell. Following his orders, she organizes a festival. The Vampire first needs blood. He then plans to have the lady doctor transfer Agapito's brain into Frankenstein's monster. With this combination of great strength & a blank brain easily under his control he plans to conquer America.

Poor dumb Agapito is besieged by both Sofia & Socorro. The lady doctor wants his brain for the Vampire's plan; the secretary wants the monsters for her employer's collection.

The festival starts out happily for Agapito but it ends with a spectacular chase with all the monsters joining in. The Wolf Man joins involuntarily after nightfall, adding to the carnage.

Finally, Agapito falls under the power of the vampire and Sofia performs the brain transplant operation. After the operation, the Frankenstein monster acts in the same stupid way Agapito did and Agapito acquires more strength than he is able to handle.

When daylight comes, the Wolf Man returns



Son of Imhotep? No, it's SANTO in THE MUMMY'S REVENGE.



Guess he's putting on his mask so he can be kissed by someone on THE INFERNAL LIST.

to human form and, with Paco, goes to the lab. At the lab a fire starts. The Vampire fangs the Wolf Man and the Wolf Man stabs the Vampire with a burning stake. Frankenstein's monster also dies in the flames. Somehow Agapito recovers his own brain and America is saved.

the macabre path (about 1962)

revenge of the undead

Count Brankovan's coffin is dug up in cemetery by his faithful servant Kunto with help from the cemetery keeper. The Count has not died but has made people believe he has, to elude his enemies. The Count & Kunto kill the keeper and the Count adopts a new identity by using one of his masks. In his young & handsome new identity, Theo van Jorn, the Count once again strikes up acquaintances with several people including a Professor, a young couple (George & Bertha) and a police inspector.

To achieve his revenge the Count uses Vicky, who has abandoned an artistic career to act as a secretary & companion to Eric, a handsome youth whom the Count presents as his son but who in reality is a monstrous vampire.

Being a master of alchemy & the occult sciences, Count Brankovan creates two homunculi and with these two horrid creatures starts his revenge. The professor is killed but they fail to

kill the Inspector. The Count manages to seduce Bertha but the Inspector begins to suspect he is not what he seems.

George tries to kill Count Brankovan but fails. The Inspector watches them carefully. Eric is about to convert Vicky into a vampire. He makes a mistake and the Inspector is able to switch corpses so that Brankovan receives the blood of a man who died of leprosy. Count Brankovan dies immediately from the horrible sickness, and good, once again, triumphs over evil.

adventure at the center of the earth (1965)

In a series of huge caves which attract hundreds of tourists, our story begins. During one of the tours, a young man separates from the others and sees the figure of an extraordinary creature. It is so horrifying that he goes into shock, ending up in a sanitarium.

An expedition is formed immediately to check on what the youngster saw. Heading it is Prof. Diaz, famed anthropologist; his efficient & studious secretary Hilda; Laura Ponce, one of the most distinguished geologists in the country; Jaime Roche, efficient spelunker & famous hunter; and Prof. Rios, a recognized man of letters who insists on being part of the expedition.

Dubbed Apolonio, the expedition follows the route of the youngster.

The group soon encounters extraordinary & incredible creatures of millions of years ago.

Danger & death result as a consequence of encountering these beasts from the dawn of time and the bowels of the earth.

dinosaur island (1966)

a land unknown

This film includes considerable stock footage from the 1940 ONE MILLION B.C. The story is as follows:

In the face of mocking repulsion from the scientific world, Prof. Portillo sticks to his theory about an island close to the Bermudas where time has stopped at an ancient epoch. The professor is in search of backers who can finance an expedition to demonstrate his theories and soon finds three assistants to go with him: Paul, Laura & Esther.

They make a normal trip to the Bermudas but as they are about to reach the place marked by the professor, a wild storm forces them to land on an unknown island. With all of their equipment out of order, they make camp and soon see the professor's thesis verified.

At the end of the valley rises a chain of mountains. Behind the mountains live a tribe of men existing as people did millions of years ago. They don't yet know human language and they make



The blood runs red in color in this colorful sequence from the songuinary Sento story, **REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE WOMEN**.

themselves understood by means of guttural sounds.

caveman encounter

Their chief, Molo, has a furious battle with another man and is defeated and thrown from the common cave. He crosses the mountains and there has a surprising encounter, although more surprised is Laura who, while bathing in the river, sees this incredible being. Out of scientific curiosity she flings caution to the winds and follows Molo, with whom she experiences strange adventures until sighted by the tribe's men, some of whom are willing to fight Molo for his prize.

But now that he has a strong motive to win, Molo defeats his enemy and returns triumphant with Laura to his cave. Laura teaches those held back by time as much as she can about behavior & modern defense. Strange animals continually attack the tribe and Laura watches fierce fights among dinosaurs.

Meanwhile, her companions look for her with anguish. The professor shoots signal rockets which Laura sees. She realizes her friends are looking for her and asks Molo to take her to the other side of the mountains. The fierce & primitive man obeys the sweet & defenseless modern woman.

Laura finds her friends. They have repaired the airplane and are ready to leave. Laura asks Molo to go with them but he refuses.

Then, suddenly, the island's volcano begins to

erupt. It is a terrifying & marvelous sight: the ground opens, the saurians are covered with lava and the huge trees fall like matchsticks. But the airplane manages to take off safely.

Molo watches the strange bird fly away, then feels an arm gently touching him: it is Laura, who has decided to renounce civilization and stay with her caveman.



The Late Buster Keaton, Comedy King, went to Mexico to play on osto-nut in **A MODERN BLUEBEARD**.

COLLOSSAL CREATURE CONTEST

the winners!

15 filmonster experts

IN OUR 119th issue our readers were shown a fantastic montage created by Dennis Billows, a collage consisting of 57 FACES (Quasimodo didn't count because his hack was to the camera,) one of which was a Mystery Guest that really didn't he-long in with Lugosi, Lee, Lorre et al.

The Mystery Guest was a she... and she was CHER! Not a horror film personality like Barbara Steele or Ingrid Pitt, for instance, but several months ago she DID get into the act (see pic on opposite page).

KARLOFF appeared the most times (7) in the collage.

And THE WINNERS, in order, are:

the eagle-eyed ygor-eyed

- (1) TOM MATTHEWS, Janesville, Wisc.
- (2) TOM MORANO, McLean, Va.
- (3) DAVE WALKER, Gahanna, Ohio
- (4) DIANE MURPHY, Milford, Mich.
- (5) JOHN BEIFUSS, Memphis, Tenn.
- (6) VINCENT BOSSONE, New York City
- (7) DEBBIE WINKLER, Clearwater, Fla.

- (8) DAVID L. BOGART, Aurora, Mo.
- (9) GREGG TUBBS, Hyde, Pa.
- (10) NICK CIAGLIA, Chicago, Ill.
- (11) W.S. COBURN JR., Edgewood, Ky.
- (12) ELSA FAXAS, New York City
- (13) GREG KETTER, St. Paul, Minn.
- (14) JEFFREY LITWEN, Brooklyn, NY
- (15) JEFF JEMISON, Acton, Mass.

\$300 worth of prizes

Half-a-hundred dollars' worth of Ghoulish Goodies are the reward of TOM MATTHEWS, who receives a coupon from the Captain Co. worth FIFTY DOLLARS.

\$25 worth of monsterrific merchandise goes to TOM MORANO.

DAVE WALKER gets his choice of \$15 worth of choice filmonster material from the Captain Co.

Winners 4 thru 10 get a full Free Year Subscription (or extension) to FM... and the remaining winners will be admitted FREE to Every Day, Every Night & Every Event of the SECOND ANNUAL FAMOUS MONSTERS CONVENTION!



THE BRIBE OF FRANKENSTEIN! They say Herr Frankenstein had to bribe his son-in-law (Tim Conway) to take the hand (also the arm, shoulder, etc.) of Cher ("Herr") Frankenstein. (Family portrait courtesy CBS and CHER's program.) 563 entries had been received in our contest at time of going to press at the end of July!

FRANKENSTEIN 2,000

the race of death



melchior's monsters

THE YEAR, 2000. The Racer, "Frankenstein" (David Carradine.) The film—which you've probably already seen—was the thrilling cross-country crash-&-smash auto epic, **DEATH RACE 2000**.

Here you have the opportunity, as in a TV replay of a sporting event, to relive the exciting hi-lites of the film in fotos and—what's more—to read the very story from which the movie was made!

Harlan "Deathbird" Ellison wrote the first screen adaptation.

A.E. van Vogt ("Not Only Dead Men") took over.

A couple of other writers had a hand in the plot's development, with Robert (WILD IN THE STREETS) Thom & Charles Griffith credited with the final version, altho director Paul Bartel at the preview was telling me that even he was improvising as he went along. The result, to briefly recapitulate before giving you the original story:



Ib Melchior, who gave you **THE TIME TRAVELERS**, **ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS**, **THE ANGRY RED PLANET**, **JOURNEY TO THE 7th PLANET** & Others, wrote the original story (which you can read here—now) that gave birth to **DEATH RACE 2000** and exciting scenes like this blow up!

In the year 2000 there are 5 famous racing drivers—but there is only room for one.

The Death Race is the contest of elimination, the final pitting of the world's most death-defying racers against each other.

The victor is determined not only by his finishing place in the race but by the number of pedestrians mangled or murdered by each contestant!

To aid in eliminating unwary bystanders, the super-autos are of devilish design, equipped with such death-dealing devices as bayonets, claws, steers' horns... even machineguns!

The stunt drivers really excelled in their art in this hair-raising race thru fire, blood & bodies to the winner's circle.

THE RACER

By

Ib J. Melchior

WILLIE felt the familiar, intoxicating excitement. His mouth was dry; his heart beat faster, all his senses seemed more aware than ever. It was a few minutes before 0800 hours—his time to start.

This was the day. From 11 the Long Island Starting Fields the Racers were taking off at 15-minute intervals. The sputter and roar of cars warming up were everywhere. The smell of oil

and fuel fumes permeated the air. The hubbub of the great crowd was a steady din. This was the biggest race of the year—New York to Los Angeles—100,000 bucks to the winner! Willie was determined to better his winning record of last year: 33 hours, 27 minutes, 12 seconds in Time. And although it was becoming increasingly difficult he'd do his damndest to better his Score too!

He took a last walk of inspection around his car. Sleek, low-slung, dark brown, the practically indestructible plastiglass top looking deceptively fragile, like a soap bubble. Not bad for an old-fashioned diesel job. He kicked the solid plastirubber tires in the time honored fashion of all drivers. Hank was giving a last minute shine to the needle sharp durasteel horns protruding from the front fenders. Willie's car wasn't nicknamed "The Bull" without reason. The front of the car was built like a streamlined bull's head complete with bloodshot, evil looking eyes, iron ring through flaring nostrils—and the horns. Although most of the racing cars were built to look like tigers, or sharks, or eagles, there were a few bulls—but Willie's horns were unequalled.

"Car 79 ready for Start in five minutes," the loud-speaker blared. "Car 79. Willie Connors, driver. Hank Morowski, mechanic. Ready your car for Start in five minutes."

Willie and Hank took their places in "The Bull". At a touch by Willie on the starter the



Is there a doctor in the stadium? A sniper's bullet has just ripped the future Frankenstein's shoulder.

powerful diesel engine began a low purr. They drove slowly to the starting line.

"Last Check!" said Willie.

"Right," came Hank's answer.

"Oil and Fuel?"

"40 hours."

"Cooling Fluid?"

"Sealed."

"No-sleeps?"

"Check."

"Energene Tabs?"

"Check."

"Thermo Drink?"

"Check."

The Starter held the checkered flag high over his head. The crowds packing the grandstands were on their feet. Hushed. Waiting.

"Here we go!" whispered Willie.

The flag fell. A tremendous cry rose from the crowd. But Willie hardly heard it. Accelerating furiously he pushed his car to its top speed of 190 miles an hour within seconds—shooting like a bullet along the straight-away toward Manhattan. He was elated; exhilarated. He was a Racer. And full of tricks!

Willie shot through the Tunnel directly to Jersey.

"Well?" grumbled Hank. "Can you tell me now?"

"Toledo," said Willie. "Toledo, Ohio. On the Thru-way. We should make it in under three hours."

He felt a slight annoyance with Hank. There was no reason for the man to be touchy. He knew

a driver didn't tell *anyone* the racing route he'd selected. News like that had a habit of getting around. It could cost a Racer his Score.

"There's not much chance of anything coming up until after we hit Toledo," Willie said, "but keep your eyes peeled. You never know."

Hank merely grunted.

It was exactly 1048 hours when "The Bull" streaked into the deserted streets of Toledo.

"O.K.—what now?" asked Hank.

"Grand Rapids, Michigan," said Willie laconically.

"Grand Rapids! But that's—that's an easy 300 miles detour!"

"I know."

"Are you crazy? It'll cost us a couple of hours."

"So Grand Rapids is all the way up between the Lakes. So who'll be expecting us up there?"

"Oh! Oh, yeah, I see," said Hank.

"The Time isn't everything, my friend. Whoever said the shortest distance between two points is a straight line? The Score counts too. And here's where we pick up our Score!"

The first Tragi-Acc never even knew the Racer had arrived. "The Bull" struck him squarely, threw him up in the air and let him slide off its plastiglass back, leaving a red smear behind and somewhat to the left of Willie—all in a split second...

Near Calvin College an imprudent coed found herself too far from cover when the Racer suddenly came streaking down the campus. Frantically she sprinted for a safety, but she didn't have a chance with a driver like Willie behind the wheel. The razor sharp horn on the right fender sliced through her spine so cleanly that the jar wasn't even felt inside the car.

Leaving town the Racer was in luck again. An elderly woman had left the sanctuary for her stone-walled garden to rescue a straying cat. She was so easy to hit that Willie felt a little cheated.

At 1232 hours they were on the speedway headed for Kansas City.

Hank looked in awe at Willie. "Three!" he murmured dreamily, "a Score of three already. And all of them Kills—for sure. You *really* know how to drive!"

Hank settled back contentedly as if he could already feel his 25,000 dollar cut in his pocket. He began to whistle "The Racers Are Roaring" off key.

Even after his good Score it annoyed Willie. And for some reason he kept remembering the belatedly pleading look in the old woman's eyes as he struck her. Funny that should stay with him...

He estimated they'd hit Kansas City at around 1815 hours, CST. Hank turned on the radio. Peoria, Illinois, was warning its citizens of the approach of a Racer. All spectators should watch from safety places. Willie grinned. That would be him. Well—he wasn't looking for any Score in Peoria.

Dayton, Ohio told of a Racer having made a Tragic Accident Score of one, and Fort Wayne,



Just a Joe named Jones who didn't get out of Colamity Jone's way. Now she colls him Spike Jones.

Indiana was crowing over the fact that three Racers had passed through without scoring once. From what he heard it seemed to Willie he had a comfortable lead, both in Time and Score.

They were receiving Kansas City now. An oily voiced announcer was filling in the time between Racing Scores with what appeared to be a brief history of Racing.

"... and the most popular spectator sports of the latter half of the 20th Century were such mildly exciting pursuits as boxing and wrestling. Of course, the spectators enjoyed seeing the combatants trying to main each other, and there was always the chance of the hoped-for fatal accident.

"Motor Racing, however, gave a much greater opportunity for the Tragic Accidents so exciting to the spectator. One of the most famed old Speedways, Indianapolis, where many drivers and spectators alike ended as bloody Tragi-Accs, is today the nation's racing shrine. Motor racing was already then held all over the world, sometimes with Scores reaching the hundred mark, and long distance races were popular.

"The modern Race makes it possible for the entire population to ..."

Willie switched off the radio. Why did they always have to stress the Score? Time was important too. The speed—and the endurance. That was part of an Ace Racer as well as his scoring ability. He took an Energene Tab. They were entering Kansas City.

The check point officials told Willie that there were three Racers with better time than he, and one had tied his Score. "The Bull" stayed just long enough in the check point pit for Hank to make a quick engine inspection—then they took off again. It was 1818 hours, CST, when they

left the city limits behind. They'd been driving over nine hours.

About 50 miles along the Thruway to Denver, just after passing through a little town called Lawrence, Willie suddenly slowed down. Hank who'd been dozing sat up in alarm.

"What's the matter?" he cried, "what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Willie said irritably. "Relax. You seem to be good at that."

"But why are you slowing down?"

"You heard the check point record. Our Score's already been tied. We've got to better it," Willie answered grimly.

The plastirubber tires screeched on the concrete speedway as Willie turned down an exit leading to a Class II road.

"Why down here?" asked Hank. "You can only go about 80 MPH."

A large lumi-sign appeared on the side of the road ahead—

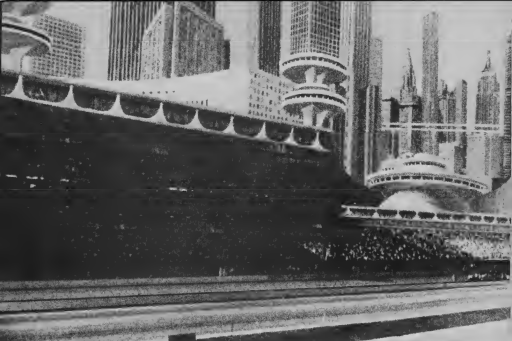
lone star 11 miles

it announced.

Willie pointed. "That's why," he said curtly.

In a few minutes Lone Star came into view. It was a small village. Willie was traveling as fast as he could on the secondary road. He plowed through a flock of chickens, hurtled over a little mongrel dog, which crawled yelping towards the safety of a house and the waiting arms of a little girl, and managed to graze the leg of a husky youth who vaulted a high wooden fence—then they were through Lone Star.

Hank activated the little dashboard screen



Here's where the Transcontinental horror begins in the screenplay coscripted by Charles (THE UNDEAD) Griffith. Motors rev, rubber burns ... and it's run for your lives, pedestrians, the Killers are coming on wheels of mayhem!

which gave them a rear view.

"That's not going to do much for our Score," he remarked sourly.

"Oh, shut up!" Willie exploded, surprising both himself and Hank.

What was the *matter* with him? He couldn't be getting tired already. He swallowed a No-Sleep. That'd help.

Hank was quiet as they sped through Topeka and took the Thruway to Oklahoma City, but out of the corner of his eyes he was looking speculatively at Willie, hunched over the wheel.

It was getting dusk. Willie switched on his powerful headbeams. They had a faint reddish tint because of the coloring of "The Bull's" eyes. They had just whizzed through a little burg named Perry, when there was a series of sharp cracks. Willie started.

"There they go again!" chortled Hank. "Those dumb hinterland hicks will never learn they can't hurt us with their fly-poppers." He knocked the plastiglass dome affectionately. "Takes atomic pellets to get through this baby."

Of course! He *must* be on edge to be taken by surprise like that. He'd run into the Anti-Racers before. Just a handful of malcontents. The Racing Commission had already declared them illegal. Still—at every race they took pot shots at the Racers; a sort of pathetic defiance. Why should

anyone want to do away with Racing?

They were entering the outskirts of Oklahoma City. Willie killed his headbeams. No need to advertise.

Suddenly Hank grabbed his arm. Wordlessly he pointed. There—garrish and gaudy—gleamed the neon sign of a theatre...

Willie slowed to a crawl. He pulled over to the curb and the dark car melted into the shadows.

He glanced at the clock. 2203 hours. Perhaps...

Down the street a man cautiously stuck his head out from the theatre entrance. Warily he emerged completely, looking up and down the street carefully. He did not see "The Bull." Presently he ventured out into the center of the roadway. He stood still listening for a moment. Then he turned and beckoned towards the theatre. Immediately a small group of people emerged at a run.

Now!

The acceleration slammed the Racers back in their seats. "The Bull" shot forward and bore down on the little knot of petrified people with appalling speed.

This time there was no mistaking the hits. A quick succession of pars had Willie calling upon all his driving skill to keep from losing control. Hank pressed the Clean-Spray button to wash the blood off the front of the dome. He sat with eyes

glued to the rear view screen.

"Man, oh man," he murmured. "What a record; What a Score!" He turned to Willie. "Please," he said, "please stop. Let's get out. I know it's against regulations, but I've just gotta see how we did. It won't take long. We can afford a couple of minutes *Time* now!"

Suddenly Willie felt he had to get out too. This was the biggest Tragi-Acc he'd ever had. He had a vague feeling there was something he wanted to do. He brought the car to a stop. They stepped out.

Within seconds the deserted street was swarming with people. Now the Racers were out of their car they felt safe. And curious. A few of them pressed forward to take a look at Willie. Naturally he was recognized. His photo had been seen in one way or another by everyone.

Willie was gratified by this obvious adulation. He looked about him. There were many people in the street now. But—but they were not all fawning and beaming upon him. Willie frowned. Most of them looked grim—even hostile. Why? What was wrong? Wasn't he one of their greatest Racers? And hadn't he just made a record Score? Given them a Tragi-Acc they wouldn't soon forget? What was the matter with those hicks?

Suddenly the crowd parted. Slowly a young girl walked up to Willie. She was beautiful—even with the terrible anger burning on her face. In her arms she held the still body of a child. She looked straight at Willie with loathing in her eyes. Her voice was low but steady when she said:

"Butcher!"

Someone in the crowd called: "Careful, Muriel!" but she paid no heed. Turning from him she walked on through the crowd, parting for her.

Willie was stunned.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Hank said anxiously.

Willie didn't answer. He was looking back through the crowd to the scene of his Tragi-Acc. Never before had he stopped. Never before had he been this close. He could hear the moaning and sobbing of the Maims over the low murmur of the crowd. It made him uneasy. Back there they worked hurriedly to get the Tragi-Accs off the street. *There were so many of them...* Butcher?...

All at once he was conscious of Hank pulling at him.

"Let's get roaring! Let's go!"

Quickly he turned and entered the car. Almost at once the street was empty. He turned on his headbeams and started up. Faster—and faster. The street was dead—empty...

No! There! Someone! Hoking a...

It was butcher—no, *Muriel*. She stood rooted to the spot in the middle of the street holding the child in her arms. In the glaring headlights her face was white, her eyes terrible, burning, dark...

Willie did not let up. The car hurtled down upon the lone figure—and passed...

They'd lost 13 minutes. Now they were on their



Frankenstein in his shork-toothed Godzilla-spined death-on-wheels.



Colomity Jone in her bull-horned bottlewagon.



Mothildo the Hun is as nasty as a Noxi of the wheel of her roaring buzz bomb.



A frightening figure at the start of the race, an aban devil of doom, is John Carradine beside his killer car.

In the last split second Willie touched the power steering. "The Bull" responded immediately, and shot past the girl as she scampered to safety.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" Hank roared at Willie. "You could've scored! Are you out of your head?"

"We don't need her. We'll win without her. I-I—"

Yes, why hadn't he scored? It wasn't Muriel. Muriel was back in butcher—in—Oklahoma City. Damn' this headache!

"Maybe so," said Hank angrily. "But I wanna be sure. And what about the bonus for setting a record? Ten thousand apiece. And we're close." He looked slyly at Willie. "Or—maybe you've lost your nerve. Wonder what the Commission will say to that?"

"I've got plenty of nerve," Willie snapped.

"Prove it!" said Hank quickly. He pointed to the dashboard map slowly tracing their progress. "There. See that village? With the screwy name? Wikieup! Off the Thruway. Let's see you score there!"

Willie said nothing. He hadn't lost his nerve, he knew that. He was the best of the Racers. No one could drive like he could; constant top speed, and stamina it took, the split-second timing, the unerring judgment—

"Well?"

"All right," Willie agreed.

They hadn't even reached Wikieup when they spotted the farmer. He didn't have a chance. "The Bull" came charging down upon him. But in the last moment the car veered slightly. One of the horns ripped the man's hip open. In the rear view screen Willie saw him get up and hobble off the road.

"You could've made it a Kill," Hank growled accusingly. "Why didn't you?"

"Bad road," Willie said. "The wheel slipped on a stone."

That's what must have happened, he thought. He didn't consciously veer away from the man. He was a good Racer. He couldn't help a bad road.

Needles was left behind at 1045 hours, PST. No one had been out. Hank turned on the radio to a Needles station:

"...has just left the city going West. No other Racer is reported within twenty minutes of the city. We repeat: A Racer has just left..."

Hank clicked it off. "Hear that?" he said excitedly. "Twenty minutes. They don't expect anyone for twenty minutes!" He took hold of Willie's arm. "Turn around! Here's where we can get ourselves that Record Score. Turn around, Willie!"

"We don't need it."

"I do! I want that bonus!"

Willie made no answer.

"Listen to me, you two-bit Racer!" Hank's tone was menacing. "You or nobody else is going to cheat me out of that bonus. You've been acting mighty peculiar. More like a Anti-Racer! Ever since you stopped at that Tragi-Acc back there."

way to El Paso, Texas. The nagging headache Willie'd suffered the whole week of planning before the race had returned. He reached for a No-Sleep, hesitated a second, then took another.

Hank glanced at him, worriedly. "Easy boy!"

Willie didn't answer.

"That Anti-Racer get under your skin?" Hank suggested. "Don't let it bother you."

"Butcher," she'd said. "Butcher!"

Willie was staring through the plastiglass dome at the racing pool of light from the headbeams. "The Bull" was tearing along the Thruway at almost 180 MPH.

What was that? There—in the light? It was a face—terrible, dark eyes—getting larger—larger—Muriel! It was butcher—no, Muriel! No—it was a Racer,—a Racing Car with Muriel's face, shrieking down upon him—closer—closer...

He threw his arms in front of his face. Dimly he heard Hank shout "Willie!" He felt the car lurch. Automatically he tightened his grip on the wheel. They had careened close to the shoulder of the speedway. Willie sat up. Ahead of him the road was clear—and empty.

It was still dark when they hit El Paso. The radio told them their Oklahoma Score. Five and eight. Five Kills—eight Maims! Hank was delighted. They were close to setting a record. He's already begun to spend his \$25,000.

Willie was uneasy. His headache was worse. His hands were clammy. He kept hearing Muriel's voice saying: "Butcher" — "Butcher" — "Butcher!" ...

But he was not a butcher. He was a Racer! He'd show them. He'd win this race.

El Paso was a disappointment. Not a soul in sight. Phoenix next.

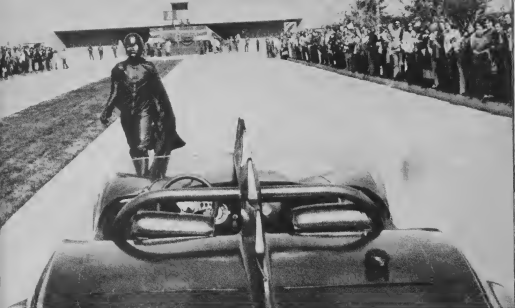
The clock said 0658 hours, MST, when they roared into Phoenix. The streets were clear. Willie had to slow down to take a corner. As he sped into the new street he saw her. She was running to cross the roadway. Hank whooped.

"Go, Willie! Go!"

The girl looked up an instant in terror.

Her face!

It was the old woman with the cat! No!—it was Muriel. Muriel with the big dark eyes...



The infamous black-clad figure of "Frankenstein," seeking victory in the 20th Annual Transcontinental Death Race, taking place in the United Provinces of America in the 21st Century.

Yeah! That girl—that Anti-Racer who called you a—a butcher. Listen! You get that record Score, or I'll report you to the Commission for having snooped around a Tragi-Acc. You'll never race again!"

"Never race again!" Willie's brain was whirling. But he *was* a Racer. Not a butcher. A *Racer*. Record Score? Yes—that's what he had to do. Set a record. Be the best damned Racer of them all.

Without a word he turned the car. In minutes they were back at the Needles suburbs. That building. A School House. And there—marching orderly in two rows with their teacher, a class, a whole class of children. . .

"The Bull" came charging down the street. Only a couple of hundred feet now to that Record Score. . .

But what was that—it was . . . they were *Muriel*—they were all Muriel. Terrible, dark eyes. No!—They were children,—the child in Muriel's arms. *They were all the child in Muriel's arms!* Were they already moaning and screaming? Butcher! Butcher! No! He couldn't butcher them—he was a *Racer*—not a *Butcher*. Not a *butcher!* Deliberately he swung the car to the empty side of the street.

Suddenly he felt Hank's hands up on the wheel. "You—dirty—lousy—Anti-Racer!" the mechanic snarled as he struggled for the wheel.

The car lurched. The two men fought savagely for control. They were only yards from the fleeing children.

With a violent wrench Willie turned the wheel sharply. The car was going 165 miles an hour when it struck the school house and crashed through the wall into the empty building.

The voices came to Willie through thick wads of cotton—and they kept fading in and out.

"... dead instantaneously. But the Racer is still. . ."

It sounded like the voice of Muriel. Muriel. . .

"... keeps calling for. . ."

Willie tried to open his eyes. Everything was milky white. Why was there so much fog? A face was bending over him. Muriel? No—it was not Muriel. He lost consciousness again.

When he opened his eyes once more he knew he was not alone. He turned his head. A girl was sitting at his bedside. Muriel. . .

It was Muriel.

He tried to sit up.

"It's you! But—but, how. . .?"

The girl put her hand on his arm.

"The radio. They said you kept calling for 'Muriel.' I knew. Never mind that now."

She looked steadily at him. Her eyes were not terrible—not burning—only dark, and puzzled.

"Why did you call for *me*?" she asked earnestly.

Willie struggled to sit up.

"I wanted to tell you," he said, "to tell you, —I—I am not a butcher!"

The girl looked at him for a long moment. Then she leaned down and whispered to him:

"Nor a Racer!"

MONSTERCON MAKE-UP MARATHON

and a terrific time was had by all

Make-Up photography in this article
taken exclusively for FAMOUS MONSTERS

by
Mon Reusser

Other photographs by Virginia D. Sederis

is Z for Zombie
or Zamsky?

FROM far distant exotic Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, stamping ground of the incomparable Nataljo Gebarski (star of stage, screen & 35-minute long-distance telephone call to FM's editor when she was a teenager), came this letter which we quote in part as it ideally sets the stage for this article. Wrote Rob Zamsky:

"I wrote to congratulate you on your First FAMOUS MONSTERS CONVENTION. I think you should be proud as a well-fed werewolf. And if you are, I don't blame you. I was so pleased to hear of that convention.



Would you buy a used creature from this man? Correction: publisher. (It has yet to be proven that publishers are human—especially James Warren.)



Make-up artist Crary starts to make up his quarry.



Trying to keep a straight face is the hardest part.



Verne Langdon gets into the act. How's he get out?



Demonstrating that "two hands are better than one."



Langdon beautifies Warren a bit with Max Fracture's most popular shade, Midnight Eye Shadow.

Now, I hope you could be so kind as to forgive me for not attending. Not that you missed me on account of so many people already being there. I know I would have enjoyed it but I also would have caused Mr. Langdon & Mr. Cray more grief by asking for their autographs. (*Gloriosky!* Listen, knowing those glory hounds as I do, I know they would have been grievously grieved if you HADNT "pestered" them for their autographs! As it was, I know toward the end of the convention they were PAYING fans to ask them for their autographs. I know, because I was making change for them, and I was chagrined to discover THEY only had to pay the fans 25¢ apiece to get them to ask for a signature... whereas I was having to lay out half a buck to the same fans!)

"I guess all I could say is that you made my life much more brighter by opening the doors of Famous Monster Fantasy. Well, let's face it. Without FM I would have no interest in Film Monsters whatsoever.

"I know you FM people must be very busy, but if you could ask either Mr. Langdon or Mr. Cray how the basics of mask-making work..."

So, we're doing better than that—we're showing you, step by step, how to turn a man (?) into a monster. (Of course, they were hampered in this case by the fact that they were working on a publisher rather than a human being. You know what publishers are: they're the guys who pay rotten editors enormous salaries to write atroc-

ious puns and put their own picture in the magazine all the time instead of GOOD monsters like Karloff & Lugosi & Chaney & Chaney & Lee & Cushing & Lorre & Price &... Everybody knows nobody wants to see pictures of the editor, it's the PUBLISHER they want to see pictures of! So this time we give you the picture-story of THE PUBLISHER WHO CRIED "WERE-WOLF!")

from james whale to james warren

When, in 1931, the great make-up artist Jack Pierce created his masterpiece—the Karloffian *Frankenstein*—and director James Whale breathed life into it, little did either of them dream that one day, 3000 miles away from Horrorwood, in New York, the transformation would be accomplished once again.

In November of last year, as thousands gasped, a cruel, heartless publisher (Jim Warren) was changed into a lovable, mellow monster by the team of Langdon & Cray, of whom it has been said, "They are the Laurel & Hardy of monster make-up artists." Queried in his two-storey garage in Azusa, Calif., as to the meaning of this statement, Verne Langdon put down his comic-book (*Vampirella*) long enough to explain: "Well, isn't it obvious? Cray is a Hardy worker and I never rest on my Laurels."



Remember the Flower Children? Well, this one's obviously gone to pot!

We were immediately sorry that we asked. So much for the serious part of the article.

The pictures speak for themselves.

That is more than can be said for James Warren. When he saw himself in the mirror (a split second before it cracked and shattered into a thousand shards), he was speechless.

But not for long.

Regaining his voice, he spoke:

"Mirror, mirror,

"On the wall,

"Who's the greatest Frankenstein

"Of them all?"

He seemed somewhat surprised when the mirror replied,

"I don't know—ALICE COOPER?"

Of course you & I know, if you want to get technical about it, it was COLIN CLIVE.

Anyway...for better or worse, here are the transformation fotos—uncensored, unretouched

—of James Warren being turned into Flower Child Frankenstein. When the filmonster freaks saw the end result of Langdon & Crary's handiworks, there were assorted eeks & shrieks from their frightened throats. "I've heard of publishers going to pot," said Jimmy Arena, "but Jim Warren's make-up obviously went to his head."

coming attractions

But what the 3500 fans saw a year ago was merely a sideshow compared to a whole circus tent, a trailer to the full-length feature, an 8 millimeter amateur black-&-white silent film compared to a 70mm color sensurround spectacle, when you consider what the *SECOND FAMOUS MONSTER FILMCON* is going to be like this November!

Last year attendees met the Daughter of Peter Lorre.



In the Gallery of Horrors, customers, shopping bags in claws, pause to study ghoulish goodies for sale:



posters! sweatshirts! models! back issues! actual films! The 1975 Display Room will have EVEN MORE!



Her Father was Peter the Great: Catherine Lorro besieged by autograph hounds at the First FAMOUS MONSTERCON.



Uncle Creepy & Cousin Eerie were there at the great affair in the persons of Patrick Gwinn & Andrew Koppelmon.

This year attendees will have the opportunity to see in person—

Mircalla!

Marcilla!

Carmilla!

And—

COUNTESS DRACULA!

Yes, the 4-in-1 vampire threat, flying over from England on her own batwings—

The lovely—

The lethal—

The legendary—

INGRID PITT!

Ms. Pitt has accepted FM's invitation to meet & greet her many fans at our forthcoming eerie extravaganza.

from gort to godzilla

Gort lives! At a recent West Coast sci-fi con he made an unexpected appearance. His visor raised, a blinding flash was seen . . . and unfortunately those fans in the first 3 rows haven't been seen since—altho the smog content of the atmosphere was observed to increase noticeably.

Robby the Robot lives! His electric circuitry is alive & well and he's in swell shape and has agreed to join Gort in a personal appearance at our Convention!

And—last but certainly not least—from the Land of the Rising Sun, the creature who stomped Tokyo, leveled Nagasaki and made chop suey out of Osaka . . . **GODZILLA** . . . has sent a cablegram which, translated from Japanese, gives us the Great News that He too, spines & all, will fill our Horror Hall!

ROBBY THE ROBOT!

GORT!

GODZILLA!

You'll see them all—In Person—not a motion picture—at our Second **MONSTERCON** this November!

hammer horror festival

And, speaking of pictures, none other than *Michael Carreras*, the big sledgehammer of Hammer Films himself, will be bringing from England a whole slew of Hammer hits with him!

Christopher Lee! Peter Cushing! Oliver Reed! In the films that made them famous!

CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN! HORROR OF DRACULA! CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF!

The classics that established Hammer's worldwide reputation for monstrous movies—you'll see them all!

AMATEUR FILM CONTEST!

All makers of amateur 8mm & 16mm horror films are invited to bring their films to our FM Convention so that they can be judged by Experts and awarded Cash Prizes!

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MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER 85

DOES DR. LEO KNOW?

CAN he be the Abominable Snowman in the Circus of Dr. Leo? Or is he a Bill Tuttle creation based on the imagination of HG Wells, a Pal of George's, a Morlock of distant futurity encountered by the man who rode THE TIME MACHINE?

Well, we never yet, thru 84 preceding Mystery Photos, failed to give you a clue, so here it is this time: **YALE VET FLASH GORDON!**

Just re-arrange those letters and you'll get the title of the movie.

Another helpful hint: It was based (very loosely, we'd say) on one of the works of the great French scientific-fiction author Jules Verne.



ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO No. 84

The film, **SUPERNATURAL**: the brauculean eyes of the star belonged to the late **CAROLE LOMBARD**. As we went to press, a few more readers had correctly figured out **THE SECRET OF TREASURE ISLAND**: **ROBERT BOROWSKI**, **GARY RACZ**, **LOUIE ADAMS**, **PETER LEVINNESS**, **ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON** (now there's an oddly familiar name—but he had some help from Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde) and **LOWELL CANNON JR.** Will YOU qualify nexttime?

the twilight zone reclaims its own **FAREWELL, ROD SERLING**

**RODMAN
EDWARD
SERLING**



1924-1975

Gone to the Twilight Zone but leaving behind this handsome young image we'll all always remember.

P RINCE SIRKI. Could it be that He (Fredric March) but went ahead, to be there to welcome Rod Serling when he came? For we were still sorrowing at the loss of the doyen of Death's domain when He came and took Rodman from us.

Early in May we were concerned to learn he had had a mild heart attack and was recuperating in an East Coast hospital.

Seven weeks later, following 10 hours on the operating table undergoing open heart surgery, he died. He was only 50.

presentiment of death?

Linda Brevette, who may possibly have had the last interview with Serling, told FM that a threnody of death ran like a thread thru his conversation.



Beauty is in The Eye of the Beholder as Rod Serling proved many a time. The Other World nurse from an unforgettable episode of THE TWILIGHT ZONE by its never-to-be-forgotten creator.

The TV columnist Cecil Smith reported that, "Rod once told me he planned to write until he was 55 and then toss it and play the rest of his life." To Ms. Brevette at a later date, and not long before he died, he said: "I've written it all. I've done everything I wanted to do." It is good to know, if he had to go so young, that he felt that way about his work & his accomplishments. He continued: "I'm not an old man. I'm not a young man, admittedly, but I'm not an old man, either."

george pal's eulogy

The man who gave us THE TIME MACHINE and THE WAR OF THE WORLDS and so many more told FM: "How inadequate I feel in writing words about a man whose own words were so eloquent—whose imagination literally flowed thru his fingertips and onto a typewritten page.

"All of us will miss Rod Serling. But his works will live on—true classics of our time.

"How lucky we are to have been a part of his time."

his first a fantasy

It is a common misconception that his first teleplay was the award-winning Requiem for a Heavyweight; it was not. When the long-lamented Playhouse 90 debuted on video in 1958 it was with a dramatization by Serling of Pat Frank's science fiction novel "Forbidden Area," a work which, as the blurb said, dealt with "the Atomic Age pushed to its limits of sanity" as Atomageddon threatened to engulf the world in nuclear holocaust.

He was to win six Emmys altogether. Hollywood Reporter regarded him as "one of the major contributors to the Golden Age of television drama of the 1950's."

from the architect of the world of null-a

A.E. van Vogt, author of the Null-A novels, "Slan," the Weapon Shops novels & scores of other brilliant sf works, expressed to FM his feelings about Serling in these words:

I met Rod Serling half a dozen times in 20 years. On each occasion he shook my hand, smiled and said good words. A few years ago, at a Count Dracula meeting where he was receiving an award, during his acceptance speech he referred to my being in the audience as an honor to him. The culminating act of his goodwill: In 1972 his *Night Gallery* show used my story "The Witch" (they called it "When Aunt Ada Came to Stay"), thus giving me my first—and only, so far—television sale. My impression of Rod Serling was of a likeable, wonderful guy with enormous ability and skill in his chosen field. It is hard to accept that in future we shall have to refer to him as "the late Rod Serling." He was always so very here & now, a present time reality. Though he was for me only an occasionally met individual, as I have described, I had a personal foreboding when I read of his operation while it was still in the offing; and I missed him instantly when I read of his death. I understand that in the past few years he has lost many dearly-loved members of his own family, and no doubt the consequent grief diminished his energy for the fight he needed to make in his own crisis. I extend my very best wishes to the surviving members of his family. That a great man should die so young is not right; but that he was great should sustain in this difficult period all those who loved him.

the twilight of the apes

Had Rod Serling done nothing more than create *The Twilight Zone* his place in the pantheon of fantasy greats would have been assured. My records show that *Twilight Zone* ran for at least 5 seasons, possibly more.

Critic Tube of Daily Variety called it "tv's most imaginative series" and elaborated, "In the artistic desert of electronic geography known as primetime television, it has served consistently as an oasis for the neglected intellect."

Critic Helm of Hollywood Reporter praised his "crisp dialog & well-turned phrases such as 'the faded film star was struck down by hit-&-run years' & 'she kept wishing for things that were dead.'"

Publicist Dan Gilbert wrote of him: *Midnight may be the witching hour... moonrise the time when creatures rise and werewolves howl... But the true time of terror... the time of fear & foreboding... the time of fantasy & phantoms, is twilight time.*

It is in the dying hours of the day, in the last dim moments before darkness overcomes & envelops day in a dark shroud, that imagination runs wild. Then, the unreal becomes real. Fancy becomes fact. Shadow becomes substance. In twilight time, nothing is impossible.

That is the premise on which the imaginative mind of Rod Serling created his Emmy-winning series.

Cast your mind back again on some of those gripping shows:

Who can ever forget the caninely Quasimodo-

like female nurse of "The Eye of the Beholder?" The womannequin that resembled Anne (FORBIDDEN PLANET) Francis in "The After Hours?"

The super-myopic Burgess Meredith who had Time Enough at Last to read all the books in the New York Public Library after an atom bomb destroyed Manhattan... and then, irony of ironies, his glasses fell off and shattered, shattering his dream with them!

Who can forget the contributions of George Clayton Johnson & William Nolan, co-authors of *Logan's Run*? (Johnson wrote the first of all *Twilight Zone* segments.) Of Charles Beaumont & Richard Matheson, who in collaboration gave us the splendid supernatural film *BURN WITCH, BURN!*

Twilight Zone eventually became so popular that it was increased from a half-hour show to an hour.

And, some years later, there was the reincarnation of *TZ* known as *The Night Gallery* with everyone from Elsa Lanchester to Dracula to a Lovecraftian monster involved!

BUT—! All this was not enough.

His work for *Armstrong Circle Theater*, *Fire-side Theater*, *Ford Theater*, *Kraft Theater* & *Lux Video Theater* were not enough; his script "Dark Side of the Earth" for *Playhouse 90*. No... in addition he created—

the planet of the apes!

We are indebted to interviewer David Johnson for what he discovered about Rod when he interviewed him. Of particular interest to FM readers is the following anecdote:

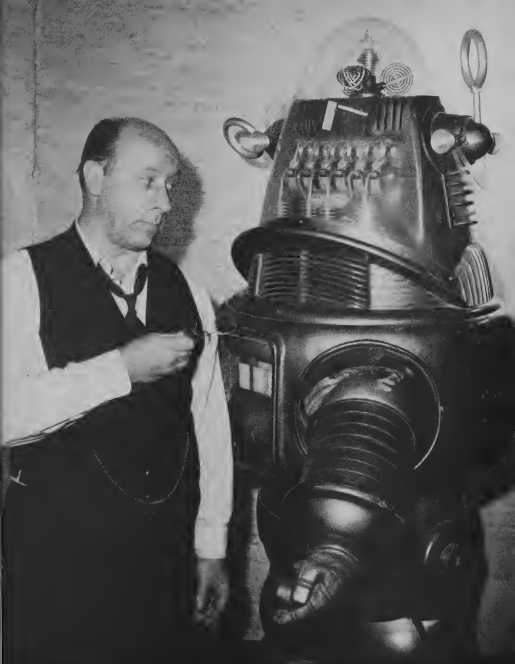
"The King Bros had a notion about doing the Pierre Boulle book as nickel-&-dime picture. I was convinced it could be done and at the time, as I recall, I did a whole treatment for them. They ultimately discarded it because of the ape population.

"I never heard any more about it until I got a call from Blake Edwards, who was the next individual to get into it and who was going to produce & direct it. I was told by Blake to go, not to worry about money. It was going to be a big one."

His earliest version of the Blake biggie, he went on to relate, featured Ape City on the scale of modern New York. Not Cave Town but a regular simian metropolis with transportation, furniture, clothing, everything, anthropoidal. Unfortunately, to have produced it as written would have cost more than 2001. *THE TOWERING INFERNO*, *EARTHQUAKE* & *JAWS* put together, so that \$100 million epic (or ape-ic) was abandoned.

When Rod finally got together with the late Arthur Jacobs, who was to parlay the one successful picture into a series of five, his principal problem was to make the manapes believable. It took about 3 drafts of the screenplay.

In collaboration with Jacobs, he came up with that "wild" cinematic ending—the top of the



Robbie the Robot made guest appearance at The Brain Center at Whipples.



The Devil was rarely so devilish as in *He Who Haws*.

Statue of Liberty being the tipoff that the astronauts had landed on their own planet... in the future.

the real rod

He admitted to an interest in the occult but not as a participant, only a reader. He considered Fantasy his field rather than science fiction and that, in any event, he was a Rod-Come-But-Recently into a field where "really key men—like Asimov, Clarke, Bradbury—all preceded me by years & years." He felt his only claim was that he put sci-fi & fantasy into the mass media more than any one individual, pointing out that he predated *Star Trek & Outer Limits*.

Many years married, he leaves a wife Carol and

two daughters, 20 & 23 respectively. And a full-length shooting script developed from Jerry (FANTASTIC VOYAGE) Bixby's enormously popular tale, anthologized time & time again, "It's a Good Life"; also a made-for-television movie, a modern Gothic called "Where the Dead Live."

Of his *Night Gallery* work, he recalled to interviewer Linda Brevette with mixed emotions a show he did called "The Different Ones"—"about a boy who had a—was a freak. And ultimately was sent to a different planet where he'd be more accepted. It was beautiful, a very sensitive screenplay"... but the transformation to TV made it, in his opinion, into a cheap "bug-eyed monster kind of film that it wasn't intended to be at all."



Even Mr. Dinglo the Sfrang went weak when he got a peak at these curious creatures!



Simian City, USA, at a future date in Serling's script of the original *PLANET OF THE APES*.

rod & fja

Your Editor speaking. Rod Serling was always especially nice to me, in any relationship whether business or social. On several occasions when I did research for him he promptly paid his bills and included notes indicating that he was more than satisfied with the information & the speed of its delivery. On a personal level, he inscribed my copy of his kingsize hardcover book *THE TWILIGHT ZONE* "For a very special friend & colleague," was very warm in his acknowledgment of me when I introduced him at a meeting of the Count Dracula Society where he received an Ann Radcliffe Award and, I'll never forget, voluntarily dropped me a note from New York at one time, saying that he had seen my then-new

Frankenscience Monster "on sale everywhere—even at the airport," concluding with: "Good on you!" I was pleased & flattered by his attention and never forgot his kindness. Would you?

Unlike Bela Lugosi, George Pal, Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, William Tuttle, Charles Beaumont, Ray Harryhausen, Richard Matheson, Jim Danforth, Marcel Delgado, Willis O'Brien's widow, Celia Lovsky (Mrs. Peter Lorre), Fritz Lang, Christopher Lee & so many other fantasy film celebrities, Rod Serling never visited me and saw my Museum of Imaginative Memorabilia and, now that he's gone, I can't really think why. Josef von Sternberg made it. Lotte (*Haunted Screen*) Eisner. Rouben Mamoulian of *DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE* fame. Robert "Count

Yorga" Quarry. Rick Baker, Monster Maker. Barry "Night Stalker" Atwater. But Rod Serling was just too busy, I guess.

Well, better luck nexttime?

Nexttime?

But... anything can happen in the Twilight Zone, can't it?

requiem for a heavyweight

Rod Serling may have been a bantam boxer in his early life but in the arena of entertainment he was certainly a heavyweight. In addition to all that's been listed before, consider:

—His paperback collections *The Twilight Zone*, *The Twilight Zone Revisited*, *More Stories from the Twilight Zone*, *New Stories from the Twilight Zone*.

—His hardcover *Twilight Zone Revisited*.

—Such outstanding TZ episodes as "He Who Howls," "The Occurrence at Owl Creek," "The Invaders."

—His script for the world-on-the-verge-of-future-war motion picture melodrama, 7 DAYS IN MAY.

—His numerous commercials, where his mesmerizing voice, as unique in its way as Boris Karloff's, can be taped for posterity.

—And... we could even see Rod Serling as Thyros, proprietor of a magic shop, in the "Bubble, Bubble, Toil & Murder" episode of *Ironsides*.

—And many students around the country were privileged to know him as lecturer on the art of writing for television.

As I recall, he was twice honored by the science fiction community; on one occasion I was present when Bjo Trimble (of "Girl Who Saved Star Trek" & Fantasy Filmcon fame) made a private presentation to him of a trophy given publicly.

The most common mistake was in misspelling his name *Sterling*... and yet, as "sterling" is an adjective synonymous with "first-class," might that not be considered an appropriate Freudian slip?

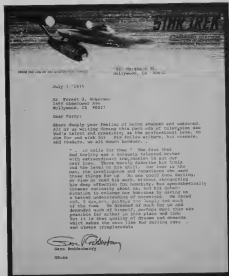
He was certainly a present to "us," we fargone fans of the fantastic, but did you realize that, in a greater sense he was a Christmas present to the whole wide world?

He was born on Christmas Day! 1924.

We would have preferred that he remain with us, working his magic, till at least New Years Day 2000.

But at least we are secure in the feeling that, a quarter century hence, he will not be forgotten.

He gave us "the middle ground between light & shadow... between man's grasp & his reach... between science & superstition... between the pit of fears & the sunlight of knowledge..." so, as we salute the late Rod Serling and extend our condolences to his loved ones, let us take comfort in the knowledge that his immense talents were recognized before it was too late for him to receive any gratification from the fact. He went to his Twilight Zone, knowing that he was a living legend.



This letter to FM Editor Forry Ackerman, from Star Trek's Gene Roddenberry, tells it all.



She Devil Julie Newmar really moves her tail as she harns in an same plane & fancy high flying in Of Late I think of Cliffordville.

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In fact, His blood flowed in their veins!

Well, don't break your neck if you're Igor to find out the answer. Just turn the page and you'll find 3 seldom seen fotos that will give you the Instant Answer.





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RAY HARRYHAUSEN, as we go to press, is "somewhere in Malta" scouting locations for his forthcoming third film in the fabulous SINBAD trilogy. We are extending our invitation to him to be principal GUEST OF HONOR at the SECOND ANNUAL FM CONVENTION but simply cannot say for certain at this time whether he will be present. In the hope that he WILL be, we are publishing this picture of him and leaving enough blank space at the bottom of the page so that you can ask him for his autograph if you are fortunate enough to meet him in person.

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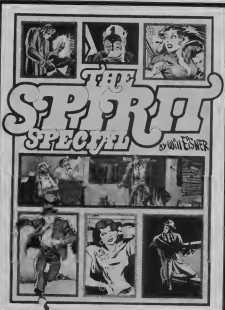
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FAMOUS MONSTERS 1975 CONVENTION GUEST OF HONOR



The Incomparable INGRID PITT, "Countess Dracula" Herself, Our Convention's Female Guest of Honor. If you dare get near enough to her, she'll probably oblige you by signing this foto of herself. (If Dr. Van Helsing can make it from his annual excursion to Transylvania, we will try to have him in attendance in case she bites you.) See Ingrid IN PERSON at our FM Con Nov. 7, 8, 9, 1975.

RARE TREATS!

the latest sweets

IF THE FOTOS on these 3 pages were candy instead of stills, we think you'll agree they'd resemble a Mr. Goodbar. Or caramels, because they give you a lot to chew on. Anyway, whether you use your sweet

tooth or your fangs, we're sure each of you will find something here to sink your teeth into. Whether it's Chaney the Son or Vincent Price in a TV appearance, fans will wrap these pix around their wisdom teeth!



A priest of Satan gives a diabolic blessing as 3 disciples of the Devil participate in *THE FINAL TEST*.



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RONDO HATTON with his hat on tells "the other guy" he has to take his hat off to him in **PEARL OF DEATH** (Universal 1944).

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DEAD-LETTER EDITION

EDITOR, LOUISE JONES



According to GE voters in the Joe Barnes' Monster Poll, THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN is the BEST HORROR FILM EVER MADE!

Finally, the results of JOE BARNES' Monster Poll, printed in PM #118, are in! Who are the winners?

JOE writes: "Even before I had received my issue of #118, I was receiving ballots. For two months they poured in from all over the United States and Canada. At final count, I had received almost 300 votes.

"On more than half the ballots, voters had created their own category... a vote for BEST ACTOR. I have decided to include those re-

sults as well!"

The BEST HORROR MOVIE (1900-1950) was KING KONG, followed by BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA. Other favorites were DEAD OF NIGHT and FRANKENSTEIN.

Winner of the category BEST HORROR FILM (1950-PRESENT) was Hammer film HORROR OF DRACULA. Runners up were CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON and THE EXORCIST. Voting in this category was widely scattered. Many modern movies received votes. Among the high scorers were CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE HAUNTING, THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD, PSYCHO, TALES FROM THE CRYPT, PIT and THE PENDULUM, YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN, THE FLY and DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN.

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN was the BEST HORROR FILM OF ALL TIME, according to GE readers. THE MUMMY (1932 version) followed. THE EXORCIST and DEAD OF NIGHT tied for third place. Other voter favorites were PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and KING KONG.

According to GE readers, the WORST HORROR FILM OF ALL TIME was THE HORROR OF BEACH PARTY. Runners up for this Dubious Achievement Award were ASTRO ZOMBIES and CURSE OF THE SWAMP CREATURE.

The WORST HORROR PERFORMANCE Award goes to ZANDOR VOIKOV for his performance in DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN. Runners up were RONDO HATTON and TOMMY KIRK OF MISSILE TO THE MOON fame.

On a more positive note, the BEST HORROR ACTRESS OF ALL TIME is FAY WRAY. BARBARA STEELE and BARBARA SHELLEY tied for second place. EVELYN ANKERS came in third.

The BEST HORROR ACTOR was the category initiated by the voters. They chose CHRISTOPHER LEE as the BEST HORROR ACTOR OF ALL TIME, followed by LON CHANEY, SR., BORIS KARLOFF and VINCENT PRICE.

Now that all of these categories have been decided here is another question. What films do you readers think are the best ANIMATED films ever? Drop GE a line and let us know!

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WANTED: STAR TREK pictures. BRIAN WILLIAMSON, 218 East Main St., Hydro, Okla. 73048.

WANTED: Any BORIS KARLOFF material. MATT CLEMATS, 5442 East Burns, Tucson, Ariz. 85711.

WANTED: Box lids from STAR TREK model kits. Send to RICK UNSBEE, RR #1, Sherman, Ill. 62684.

WANTED: Contributors to my new fanzine. I need stills, posters, stories and artwork. FRANK DEIBER, 34693 Central Court, Addison, Ill. 60101.

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NEWS FROM ENGLAND

Peter Cushing, together with Anton Diffring, has made SHATTER in Hong Kong and, while there, also played Prof. Van Helsing. Once again, this time in THE LEGEND OF THE 7 GOLDEN VAMPIRES, with John Forbes-Robertson as Dracula. TOMBS OF THE UNDEAD is about a group of convicts, killed while escaping from prison, who rise up as zombies to murder a demented prison guard.

MARK C. STAKEM

WANTED! More Readers Like



BEA TAYLOR

DEMAND DARK SHADOWS!

I have been informed by the offices of World Vision Enterprises that they are trying to get Dark Shadows back on local stations in New York & Los Angeles if successful other cities could follow. So, DS fans, please write or call your local TV stations and ask them to put DS back on the air. If the demand is great enough, I'm sure they will.

ROBBY BARTHA
Torrance, Calif.

REQUESTS

I would appreciate more on Lon Chaney Sr. because he was before my time and I'm sure we younger fans would gobble up anything we can about him.

How about a BIG ARTICLE on the Ackermansons? I'm dying to see its interior.

STEVE SANDSTROM
Pasadena, Ill.

FM Photographer Walt Daugherty is ready, willing & able to take a new set of pictures any time publisher Warren gives the word. So anyone feeling strongly enough about wanting to see a feature on the Ackermansons of Monster Memorabilia, express your desires direct to JAMES WARREN, 145 E. 32 St., New York City, NY 10016. But you better write in quantities or else he'll claim I just put my relatives up to it.

WANTED! More Readers Like



DENNIS MURRAY

CRUEL CENSORSHIP

Hey, you! Yes, you. Who else is this editorial for? I'm talking about the menace of censorship in the horror film. Thru the years (ever since Georges Melies' nickelodeon shockers) the hand of censorship has played upon the horror film, spicing & softening the so-called brutality & sadism! The censors can't let the audience see the realities, they have to sugar coat it to suit THEIR TASTE! For example, such classics have been cut & ruined because of censorship, some prime examples are:

KING KONG—shots of Kong killing natives & giant beasts, such as giant spiders, and even scenes of Kong sensibly toying with Fay Wray, all CUT.

FREAKS—because of stark realities this film was banned for 30 years.

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MARK COTE
St. Charles, Ill.

And THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS was banned in England for a generation or more. Fortunately not ALL prints of DR. MABUSE were destroyed—it played in my neighborhood recently. We heard 12 minutes, mainly of violence, were cut out of ROLLERBALL. At the rate things are going, by 1985 they'll either put the missing dozen minutes back or include the picture in a Disney-

type "G" Festival because it will seem so tame.

I have never been a fan of censorsnippers.

I will try to stick around another 40 years to see if your sad prediction comes true. Let's see—I'll only be 99.

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